

The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
earthstone

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- **The Call of the Chief (A glimpse into the life of Peter Marshall) - Beverly Vander Wagen**
- **My Plans and Ideas - James L. Hymes, Jr.**

May, 1954 - 25c

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

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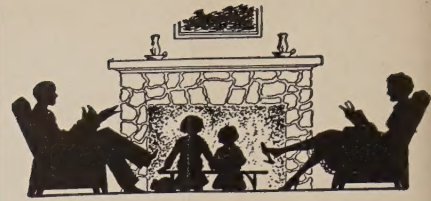
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Cover Girl Grows Up!

Our cover girl, perhaps torn between the twin desires of nearly every little girl, to be a mother and/or a nurse, combines both "instincts" in her visible love for her "child." The result is one of the most sincere pictures *Hearthstone* has ever been able to feature as a cover.



And here is proof that the dreams and hopes of little girls do come true. Our cover girl has grown up and holds her own real baby in her arms. You will be interested to know that our children's editor, Jessie B. Carlson, is the mother of our cover girl, and that J. Eric Carlson, her father, took the picture. The subject is Mrs. W. G. (Margaret) McDowell, Ambler, Pa., with her son, Billy.

● **What's Here . . . May** (that's a pun?) you have a good time with this issue as it comes to your home with its contents showing! First you'll have a quick glimpse into the early family life of *The Man Called Peter Marshall*, who owed so much to his mother. Then those wiggly three-, four-, and five-year-olds will be analyzed for you by James Hymes, Jr. After that you will leap across the years to the sixty-and-up bracket where you will find some members of that group doing some experimenting.

We could go on and on to give you a foretaste of the good things in this issue, but why not hunt them out for yourselves?

● **What's Coming . . . June**, the month of weddings and Father's Day. "Are father's necessary?" Yes, to give the bride away, and pay the bills! You'll chuckle at another of Doris Demaree's picture-poems about Father's Day and sigh a bit as you read "Letter to Father." You will learn something of the boyhood and family life of Gutzon Borglum, the man who carved a mountain. Good sense on "Insurance and the Family" is also waiting for you. But why go on? See you next month!

A Word from

Philip said to him, "Lord, show us the Father, and we shall be satisfied." Jesus said to him, "Have I been with you so long, and yet you do not know me, Philip? He who has seen me has seen the Father; how can you say, 'Show us the Father'? Do you not believe that I am in the Father and the Father in me? The words that I say to you I do not speak on my own authority; but the Father who dwells in me does his works. Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me; or else believe me for the sake of the works themselves.

"Truly, truly, I say to you, he who believes in me will also do the works that I do; and greater works than these will he do, because I go to the Father. Whatever you ask in my name, I will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son; if you ask anything in my name, I will do it."

—JOHN 14:8-14.



The Word

Philip

*Painting by
Peter Paul Rubens
(Flemish School, 1577-1640)*

—Three Lions

By Beverly Vander Wagen

The Call



—Courtesy McGraw-Hill

Peter Marshall

Peter Marshall with his wife and young Peter, 1904

—Courtesy Catherine Marshall



Quotations in this article are from A Man Called Peter, by Catherine Marshall, published by McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York, 1951, and are used by permission.

PETER, PETER."

Peter Marshall was walking back to the little English village of Bamburgh where he was working for the summer, when he thought he heard someone calling him. Since it was late at night Peter had been in a hurry and was taking a short cut across the moors. He knew of the deserted limestone quarry near the Clororum Road but did not realize its nearness to the course he was following. There were only the sounds of Peter's footsteps, wild muir fowl, and faraway sheep when Peter heard the call.

He answered, "Yes? What do you want?"

Hearing nothing more, he walked on thinking it must have been only the wind playing upon his imagination in the blackness of the night.

But, "Peter! . . .

There it was again. He stopped and tried to penetrate the darkness. Suddenly he stumbled and fell to his knees. His hands reached out to catch himself. There was nothing there. He was on the very edge of the empty stone quarry. One step more would have sent him to certain death.

He had brushed the finger-tips of death in the loneliness of the night. God had intervened. He never forgot this.

In successive years death and Peter often brushed close to each other. Once the plane he had missed by a few minutes crashed. Once a friend walking at his side was killed by an automobile, and once when he was at sea in a small boat ten miles from shore a fire broke out. But the time was not yet. Although Peter did not yet know it The Chief had called. Peter Marshall had work to do.

It was the fall of the same year that Peter had had the experience by the limestone quarry when he heard a returned missionary from China speak in

*A thrilling glimpse into the life of Peter Marshall
whose Mother early "pit" him in the hands of God
and taught him that he could love the Lord and not
be a sissy. If you have not already read "A Man
Called Peter" you will, after reading this.*

The Chief

Buchanan Street Kirk. The missionary was seeking volunteers for the mission fields. Peter volunteered, but found it would be necessary to attend Mansfield College, Oxford, first. No scholarships being available, that door was closed to Peter. But Peter, still anxious to continue his education began going to Skerry's College in Glasgow three nights a week.

Working and going to night school, although difficult, was not a new experience to the young man. He had been doing both since he was fourteen.

Peter's mother had remarried after the death of Peter's father and the little boy opposed the marriage with all the strength of his four years. The first Peter Marshall had been an insurance field superintendent in Coatbridge, Scotland. Besides being a Mason and leader of the kirk choir, he was a dearly loved parent. Little Peter vividly remembered the funeral and he did not want a stranger masquerading as his father. Peter harbored this feeling until he was fourteen and decided it was time to leave home. He loved the sea and by adding a year and nine months to his age, he applied for enlistment in the Navy. After a year of merciless stretching exercises he was now the required height. His navy experience lasted only two days, however. His parents refused to put their signatures on the enlistment papers and the Navy lost a recruit. Peter returned home.

Peter had told the boys at school he was joining the Navy and now his pride would not let him face their questions so he went to work as an office boy with a firm of civil engineers. Four nights a week, he went to the Coatbridge Technical School, where he studied mechanical engineering. At home he studied semaphore, Morse Code and trigonometry, waiting for the day when he would again be a member of the fleet.

Peter did not yet know that The Chief had closed the door on a Navy career. And Peter did not know that someday he would be far away from Scotland, opening the Senate of the United States praying:

"Teach us that liberty is not only to be loved, but also to be lived. Liberty is too precious a thing to be buried in books. It costs too much to be hoarded. Make us to see that liberty is not the right to do as we please, but the opportunity to please to do what is right."

No, Peter did not yet know these things and perhaps his faith might have floundered during this time if it had not been for the warm and simple trust that his mother had in the power of God to help during hardships. Peter had given his weekly pay check to his mother and now penniless and almost twenty-one Peter felt a desire to strike out for himself. He was going to take up lodging away from home. At the little iron gate his mother's blue eyes were a little sad, but she smiled as she bade Peter good-bye.

"Dinna forget your verse, my laddie," she said. "'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'" The blue eyes brightened. "Long ago I pit ye in the Lord's hands, and I'll no be takin' ye awa noo. He will tak' care o' you. Dinna worry."

Peter did worry but discovered that the anxiety had been wasted. God provides. The next workday Peter was called into the manager's office. He was now working in Stewarts and Lloyds Imperial Tube

Peter Marshall and his family at home

—Courtesy McGraw-Hill



Works. When Peter left the office of the manager that morning, his salary had been doubled. He was now a foreman. This meant he would be getting enough money for room and board and would still be able to continue night school.

Peter, was now seeing his mother only on Sundays when they would meet to go to the Buchanan Street Evangelical Union Congregational Kirk. At his little church where Peter's father had been choirmaster, Peter was now leader of the Junior Choir. He also taught in the Sunday church school and supervised the Cub Scouts.

Soon after the beginning of his classes at Skerry's Peter's cousin, James Broadbent, came back to Scotland on a visit. Jim had emigrated to the United States and was an engineer for the M. W. Kellogg Company in New York. Upon learning Peter's difficulties he urged him to come to America. Peter didn't want to go to America but agreed to pray about it. After praying about it for three weeks, the answer finally came; he was to go to America.

Peter arrived in America with enough money to last two weeks. Things looked bleak indeed.

During the next few months Peter dug pipe lines, helped construct a golf course and fired a blast furnace. The ministry seemed impossible. Peter was debating with himself the possibility of going back to Scotland when a special-delivery letter arrived from Dave Wood, a boyhood friend. Dave wrote that he could get Peter a job with him on *The Birmingham News* in Birmingham, Alabama. Thus Peter began a short newspaper career.

The future began to take on an air of promise again. Several months after arriving in Alabama Peter had joined the Old First Presbyterian Church. Before long he was the president of the Young People's Society and a Scoutmaster for the troops of young boys from the church. By group request Peter was teaching the Men's Bible Class. He had assisted Dr. Mordecai with Sunday services and had been accepted by the session as a candidate for the ministry.

Peter hoped to attend Columbia Seminary in Decatur, Georgia. He had left it up to The Chief to provide the material wherewithal, for his weekly salary on the newspaper left no savings. God did not fail him however. At a social one April evening the men announced their decision to send Peter through Seminary. Peter Marshall had put his faith to practical every-minute use and The Chief, as Peter always liked to call him, had made the path open for Peter to finally begin his ministerial training.

It was while Peter was at Seminary the succeeding fall that he wrote his mother:

"The values I have of life and eternity are mostly the heritages of some mysterious influence you have exerted in my early life. I must be faithful and exemplify the ideals you have always cherished in your heart. May you be satisfied some day when you see the fruits. Your grey hairs and your wrinkled brow are mute but eloquent tokens of your ministrations



—Brenner, "The Star," Washington, D. C.

Peter Marshall and his mother, Mother's Day, 1948

of patient and loving sacrifice, and I revere them as such."

When Peter was ready to enter the seminary, the staff at Columbia broke all previous policy and accepted Peter's work in Scotland as equivalent to an A.B. requirement. Another barrier was thus removed. On May 15th Peter was graduated—magna cum laude—and also became an ordained minister, all in one day.

Peter Marshall then began his full-time ministry in Newton County. He often looked back over these years and was thrilled with the thoughts of the first conversions and at the power of The Chief to change lives.

After receiving his second call from Westminster Presbyterian Church in Atlanta, Peter accepted in 1933. It was during this ministry that he met Catherine Wood who was to become Mrs. Peter Marshall.

In October 1937 after the wedding and a trip to Scotland with his bride Dr. Marshall took over the pulpit in the New York Avenue Church in Washington. It was here that Peter was serving when he was asked in 1947 to be Chaplain of the United States Senate. Dr. Marshall was a beloved personality and close friend to many of the Senators, and some of them attended his Sunday services regularly.

Then one morning in January 1949 when Peter Marshall was forty-six, after a heart attack, he slipped quietly into the other life.

"Peter, Peter."

It was the last call of The Chief.

that more clean-cut feeling:

My Plans and Ideas

By James L. Hymes, Jr.

Professor of Education, George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tennessee; author of the recent book: Effective Home-School Relations

THESE YEARS¹ ARE less of fire-at-will. Less of wild self-asserting. What youngsters want now is to smooth those rough edges and to get themselves down to work.

What are they after in this settling down? A sense of initiative, a sense of being someone who has an idea and who carries it out. A sense that this real person they have just discovered can go to work in a more definite way. This is the time for plans and ideas.

They are not always pretty plans and ideas. This is the age that can get into the furniture polish and smear it all over the rug. This is the age that can puncture holes in the screens, but in such a nice design. This is the age that wakes up before you do and decides that this is the day for scrambled eggs . . . and scrambles them all over the kitchen.

But there is a settling down. Even in these irritating performances you sense their trying to *do something*.

This is the reason that this age hangs around you. Their eyes are on you; they want to know how grown-ups act and what real jobs are like.

This is one reason for the endless questions they ask (and how they can ask them all the time!). Questioning you. Questioning the milkman, workmen,



—Clark and Clark

This is a time for plans and ideas.

The fourth article reprinted from the pamphlet, A Healthy Personality for Your Child, published by the Children's Bureau, Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Washington, D. C. Because of their importance to all parents, HEARTHSTONE has obtained permission to reprint the entire series.

¹Three, four, and five years old.

plumbers and electricians . . . everyone who comes into the house. Questioning people in stores and on the street and wherever they find them. Questioning everybody, with words and even more with their eyes and ears. What do people do? I'm a person now.

You see it in their play, for this is the great age of make-believe. "You must be the daddy and I must be the mommy. . . You must be sick and I must be the doctor. . . You must be working and I must bring in the eggs." They are like real grown-ups in their play, and that is what this age is good for.

These years are a trial run. Youngsters begin to see what they can do . . . not in the hit-or-miss way of the earlier years but in a more refined way now.

They don't always sound refined. As you hear them there can be a lot of name-calling: "You stinker. . . ." A lot of brassiness: "I hate you . . . I hate milk . . . I hate vegetables. . . ." A lot of boasting, a lot of threatening, a lot of toughness.

But all in words. This age *says* them. This is the tongue talking and not the whole body. There is less of tough action, less of tough doing, less of tough behavior. The siege guns are mostly verbal, and that is a real refinement over throwing your whole weight around and your whole body and all of you.

Once you get used to the noise, this age is not too hard to live with. Sometimes we do not even take it seriously enough. These years do not get under our skin. We are more likely to brush them off like a pesky mosquito.

When you look at what these children do most of the time it is "just play." It looks as though nothing

real is going on. But looks can fool you. This is very earnest, very real.

The youngster who gets the time to ask his questions, to see life going on, to play with a lot of make-believe, stands a good chance of developing an ability that we like. He stands a good chance of becoming a real person with real ideas. The kind of person who speaks up and stands ready to carry out his ideas.

A youngster may pull in his horns. . . .

If he is rushed all the time: "We can't wait for you just to play. Now come right along. . . ."

If he is interfered with too much: "You are just being silly. You are too old for that. . . ."

If he is pulled down to earth before he is ready to come: "Clean up that mess. You will just get dirty. . . ."

A youngster may hesitate to be himself. He may feel that he should not say his ideas and make his plans. He will have other chances as his life goes along to develop this up-and-at-them initiative. But this is his first real chance.

If the youngster is landed on too hard when he tries something out: "You scribble on my magazine once more and I'll. . . ."

If what he does is made to look silly: "Do you call that a painting? How am I supposed to look at it? Is it upside down, or doesn't it make any difference?"

A child can crawl into his shell, and you don't want that.

This is the time to try things out. Your child in his particular self may be quieter than some. He may need more encouragement. Give it to him. He may need to see more so he gets more ideas. Let him see. Whatever he is like, he needs materials to work with—not gadgets he winds or shoves, not those he sits and looks at—but materials *he* can work with. Give him the wood and the nails and the hammer; give him the blocks and the cars and the boats; give him the paint and the clay; give him the chance to dress up and parade around.

It is not what he makes that counts (it won't look like much) but how he feels. It is not what it looks like outside but what he feels like inside.

Your youngster, on the other hand, may be running over with ideas. Your problem may be to catch up with him and to keep up with him and to save the pieces. Don't squelch too hard when you do catch up. Furniture, walls, things can be repaired but if your child lives these years for what they are really worth, he has added to himself. He is more ready to go on growing.

When you look at what these children do most of the time it is just "play." It looks as though nothing real is going on. But looks can fool you. This is very earnest, very real.

—Clark and Clark



Almost happily they worked together until hunger reminded her that it was dinnertime.

In spite of the fact that the calendar on the wall at her side proclaimed the date to be May 10, the yard was bleak and brown. The leaves and debris of winter still blanketed lawn and flower borders where in former years by this time gayest tulips and daffodils yellow as gold were springing from well-tilled soil. Now only here and there anemic leaves were attempting to push their way up into the sunlight, their energy too spent with their struggle through the baked topsoil to give promise of much of beauty.

As she stared at the plot that had once absorbed most of her spare summer hours, the years fell away and she saw herself standing beside a tall, earnest young man studying a most discouraging clay patch.

"Look, Ruth," Jack was saying in troubled tones, "this clay is more like cement than earth. There aren't even any weeds growing in it. How can you expect flowers to grow here? We'll just have to wait a few years till we can afford to bring in loads and loads of black earth."

"But my garden book says. . . ." How often she came to use that phrase, and the hours she devoted to learning all the things "the garden book" had to say. Jack had cooperated whenever strong arms and back were needed, which was often until the ground was tamed; but the driving urge to create beauty out of this desolation had been hers, an investment of time and thought that paid off not only in beauty but in relaxed nerve and a healthful tan.

When a couple of years later Timmie came along, I did neglect my garden just as folks said I would, she reminisced, but only for a little while. The perennials and bulbs carried over till I was back on the job, Timmie and I both. He loved my posies as much as I did. I can see him now bending so low to smell a violet that the only part of him visible was a well-draped rear. He broke the



ILLUSTRATION BY
HARRY TIMMINS

One Box of Pansies

A Story by LULU M. STALKER

RUTH GLEASON finished her lonely lunch quickly but instead of carrying her dishes briskly to the sink as was her habit she listlessly piled them atop her plate and pushed them back well into the center of the table. Cupping her chin in her hand, she stared in evident preoccupation into the yard below.

PRAYER OF A HOMEMAKER

Preparing for Vacation

Dear Heavenly Father:

We are grateful for all the beauty you have placed within this world. The well-loved trees and flowers which surround our own homes have their special endearing charms even as we dream of the far places of foreign enchantment.

Now we prepare to search out a special spot for a family vacation. The beauty we have long anticipated seems soon to be realized in a happy personal experience.

Give us eyes to see all the loveliness en route, understanding both people and places. Grant us vivid impressions so memory may recall the brightness of vacation adventure whenever routine duties settle over like the denseness of a fog, threatening to obscure our daily opportunities for happiness.

May each mile and milestone make us more aware of Thee as the great giver of the universe. Let us lose our worries and cares under the vacation sky so that when we return, we may pick up our opportunities of service in home and church to carry them with joyous and thankful hearts.

Amen.

RUTH C. IKERMAN

flowers occasionally, certainly he did, but it was from overzealous admiration, not wanton destruction.

As she stared at the bleak garden many events, some pleasant, many trying to her soul, sped in quick review, the tragic accident that took Jack out of her life overshadowing them all.

It was hard to keep ahead of the weeds those first years alone—how often she had been tempted to let them go—but at her lowest moments Jack seemed standing beside her, exclaiming over the changes she had wrought and urging her to carry on. And Timmie, too, watching the opening of every new bud with eager impatience, how could she let them down?

Strong, stalwart Timmie. By the time he was ten he began assuming whatever heavy tasks she would release to him, cutting the borders into prim lines and cultivating around each clump of flowers as carefully as he could. As she thought about it she could feel the tense lines in which her face seemed hopelessly set these days, melt into a smile, especially when memory flashed the picture of a very hot and tired little gardener who ran to meet her on her return from shopping one midafternoon.

"Oh, I'm glad you're back, Mom," he cried; "I really needed you."

"Why, dear? Did anything go wrong?"

"I—I don't just know, Mom, whether it was wrong or not. Maybe it was." He paused with uncertainty. "You know those tall green things that came up in front of the climbing rose?"

"Yes, I know."

"Were . . . were they flowers . . . or weeds?"

Alerted by the tense of his verb, she slated her answer accordingly. "I guess they were just weeds, Son. Why?"

His look of concern faded, supplanted by a proud smile of accomplishment, reassurance. "That's what I thought. I just about knew they couldn't be flowers, so many of 'em. I dug 'em all out." *What's a few volunteer seedlings, she reasoned, compared to cultivating a gardener?*

The corner where we had the pansies, she thought as she came back to the deserted garden, looks the most desolate of all. She could visualize the gay little faces that had nodded bright good mornings to them so many times from that corner. Bright, laughing pansies, Timmie's favorite flower and his first Mother's Day gift to her.

"It's just a little ol' box of pansies," he said that first morning, handing her the paper-

wrapped gift. "But they're all I could get you for a quarter and a quarter's all that stingy Mr. Black paid me for mowing his great big lawn. An' I trimmed the edges special!"

Beautiful pansies. She could see them yet as if only yesterday had been the day. Timmie sensed how she loved them. Though the location of the pansy bed might be changed from year to year, there were always pansies for Mother's Day. Timmie saw to that. Sometimes the number of boxes miraculously increased but there were always pansies.

When Timmie left for Korea, after his last furlough, it was spring again. Laughingly he tossed her a dollar bill. "Almost time for pansies, Mom," he quipped. "I'll feel better over there thinking of you out here with my pansies."

That was last year . . . her last Mother's Day. Timmie's flowers had talked to her all summer, talked of Timmie's return, and many a letter to him carried a pressed pansy face to bear her love and hopes for the coming years they could garden together.

That hope was now as dead as the pansies they had cherished. The wire that said, "We regret to inform you . . .," had come with the first killing frost. Never again would she work the soil with her little gardener, and never again, she vowed, would there be pansies to harass her with memories.

Tomorrow would be Mother's Day again. Christmas had been bad, but loving friends had done what they could. Probably no one would remember . . . no one knew anyway . . . just how much Mother's Day had meant to her.

Hastily she jumped up and ignoring the dishes began to dress for the street. "I've got to get away from all this!" she cried aloud in her anguish. "I'll go down today, now, and list this house for sale! I'll buy a little place without any garden to haunt me, that's what I'll do. Timmie hasn't got any flowers over there in Korea and I don't want any!" With tears running freely she finished dressing and hurried into the street.

Perhaps it was her innate love

of flowers, perhaps it was mere coincidence, it could have been divine guidance, she didn't stop to analyze, she just walked and her seemingly undirected steps led her past her favorite greenhouse. The windows, practically bulging with suggested gifts, beckoned her. Her steps lagged. It wouldn't hurt to go in and look around, maybe buy a little plant for her table. As her hand reached for the door handle, the door opened and out dashed a tousle-headed boy. He couldn't have been more than ten or twelve.

He bent his head to conceal his face but the motion of rubbing a grimy fist across his eyes revealed his distress. The impact was a hard one, this lone woman going no place in particular and the boy going away as fast as he could manage.

"Oh, 'seuse me, lady. I'm sorry. I . . . I guess I wasn't looking." Another quick swipe with his arm cleared his eyes but left telltale streaks that tore at her heart.

"Oh, that's all right, Son," she was saying, hanging onto the thin little shoulders she had clutched for support. "I wasn't looking, either."

"Did . . . did I hurt ya?" There was honest concern in his tone.

"No, not a bit, but you seem hurt, boy. Tell me about it. Maybe I could help."

"Naw . . . that is, no thank you. It's just . . . it's just that I thought. . . ." Subconsciously he opened his hand revealing a piece of silver he had been clutching. "Aw, skip it. It's okay. Let 'em keep their old flowers!"

"Do you like flowers a lot, too?" she asked, trying to keep her voice casual to encourage his confidence in her.

"Sure," he admitted slowly, "I like 'em a lot, but they wasn't for me. It's Mom . . . she's . . ." He stopped in bewilderment.

"Go ahead, tell me about your mom . . . er . . . what's your name, Son?" Dear God, she prayed in wordless petition. Give me wisdom to reach and hold his confidence. He needs help.

"Name's Jim . . . Jim Duval. She's . . . she's in the hospital . . . she's awful sick . . . and tomorrow

being Mother's Day, I . . . I wanted more'n ever to take her a bouquet. I hoed a guy's garden and he only give me fifty cents for it. Jeepers, you can't get nothin' in there for that!"

"Oh, do you know how to work in gardens?" She could hardly breathe as she awaited his answer. Was God showing her a line of communication to this boy heart?

"Sure can. You oughta see the garden Mom and me had last year. Flowers and vegetables both!"

"What about this year?"

"Oh, we . . . we had to move . . . into furnished rooms and there ain't no room for gardens." His tone grew final; this chapter of his life had closed.

"I'll tell you what! I've looked and looked for a boy who knew enough about flowers to help me in my garden. The work's getting too much for an old lady like me. Do you think you'd have time to help?"

Golden glints of enthusiasm lighted his clear brown eyes. "Sure! I could help. I'm just hanging around till Mom comes home. Can I start today? Right now?"

"Just a minute! First, let's go in and see about some flowers for Mom. I'll pay for them, and then

you can work it out for me."

"Here's fifty cents toward them." A grimy hand was opening to proffer the silver she had glimpsed before.

"You keep that, Son," she said. "Maybe you'll need it for something else. Now let's choose those flowers."

When the choice was lingeringly completed . . . he finally decided on the pink hyacinths 'cause Mom liked pink . . . and a card carefully written, they walked side by side out of the store, turning toward one sadly neglected garden.

"You can see where the poor little bulbs are trying to push up through the hard soil," she explained. "We'll have to be so careful not to break off the tender shoots as we rake away the leaves." She had no cause to worry. Tender fingers pulled away the leaves before his rake touched them. Almost happily they worked together until hunger reminded her that it was dinnertime.

"Time off for dinner," she said, brushing the dirt from her hands and standing her tools by the tree.

"Aw, I ain't hungry, honest I ain't. You go ahead and I'll just keep on. There's a lot left for me to do."

(Continued on page 20.)

Lines for Mother's Day

Each May there comes a Sunday
On which we honor mothers;
And this, no doubt, is one day—
They like above all others.

To make it one of clover
For my devoted spouse,
My son and I take over
The duties of the house.

And if she wants to linger
In bed, it's quite okay;
She may not lift a finger
On this, her special day.

Alas, on all the others
She has to tax her powers.
One day each year is Mother's;
The rest of them are ours!

RICHARD WHEELER



—H. Armstrong Roberts

It's never too late to experiment with flowers.

Experimenting

after

By Nancy Brewer

MY FIRST GLANCE of interest was for the tiny white-haired woman in the lavender dress working with a row of potted plants on the railing of the tiny cottage I was passing. My second was for the clusters of exquisite blooms on the plants in the white pots. They were the cream, the rose, the deep red blossoms on tuberous begonia plants.

Any person whose hobby is growing flowers would have done as I did—go up the walk to the veranda and ask how she had grown such beautiful plants, would have admitted that the ones she planted, cared for like sick babies did not look like these on the railing. I even said, "I suppose you have been growing them for several years."

Smilingly she shook her head. "These are the first I've ever grown," she told me. "You see I'm experimenting with begonias this year."

Soon we were talking together like old friends—I, who have grown flower gardens since childhood and this woman who began a program of experimenting with flowers after she had passed her sixtieth birthday.

Frankly she said that on her sixtieth birthday she had made an appraisal of herself and her abilities. A few weeks before her older sister, on her sixty-fifth birthday, had decided to stop worrying over trying to live alone on her limited income and enter a home for elderly women in another city. She had said, "I'm not going to pay the entire admission fee when I enter, but instead make it in monthly payments. You see, living with a group of old ladies will be a new experiment for me. If I'm not happy there, I'll try another experiment—that of living with one of my children."

She made the experiment a success. She worked at making herself the kind of woman in a home the people around her would need. She read to the women whose sight was failing, allowing them to tell her the kind of stories they wanted read. She herself studied flower arrangement and after she demonstrated she could make unusually attractive bouquets, the matron of the home gave her the job of going to the home flower garden, cutting flowers she needed and making arrangements for different rooms in the home.

"And she seems to grow younger and happier every day," the matron told me. "I just knew it was from the thrill of experimenting and finding things she could do well. And I decided that experimenting after you are sixty years old might be the way I, too, could be happy."

With careful management my hostess learned that she could make her income from an annuity her husband had built up for her during his life support her. Her experimenting, she also knew, would have to be with inexpensive hobbies. Knitting during the World War had given her a happy association with Red Cross leaders. And it was a labor she enjoyed.

For three years she had knitted, experimenting with new stitches and new garments, some of which she sold and some she gave away. Then arthritis struck and settled in her left hand and soon knitting became impossible. That necessitated a new hobby.

"Growing flowers," she told me, "was my husband's hobby. I've often thought that giving up his flowers when we had to move to a little house without any yard just broke his heart, though he

When the calendar shows your years as three score or more, that's the time to begin experimenting!

Here are a few "experimenters" who responded vigorously to the challenge of changing years.

SIXTY

Though she is nearing seventy, she is always in demand to tell stories at parent-teacher meetings, at special club parties, and at summer playgrounds during vacation time.

"Some of my teacher friends thought I made a mistake studying storytelling," she said one day. "They thought that anyone who had taught as long as I had could tell stories better even than the members of the club. They were wrong. You have to specialize with things like that to do them well."

Experimenting after sixty gave her a well-rounded happy life.

"If only we could get Mrs. Nesbit to experiment at something new in our church school, she wouldn't be so brokenhearted over giving up her class of juniors because of her age," I told myself as I rode home from my little visit with the white-haired little old lady experimenting with growing flowers.

—Blackmer Humphrey



didn't show it. I tried to get him to grow house plants at our windows but he didn't care for that. Neither did I before I started experimenting with them."

The first year she had experimented with unusual geraniums. She read garden magazines she obtained at the library. She followed directions, and her geraniums grew bigger than those of her neighbors on the street. They bloomed more luxuriantly and soon people who saw them in her front and side windows stopped to tell her how beautiful they were.

The great thrill that year had been lending her geraniums for decorations at a church dinner. "After that I often offered them to people who admired them, and last of all I gave them away to the old ladies' home in our town, remembering how happy my sister had been in an institution like this," she confided.

Her next experiment was with begonia plants. From them she had passed on to the "new begonias" to be grown from bulbs. Soon she would give them away, and after that she intended experimenting with growing flowers in water. She had many friends, most of them made through her experimenting. She was never lonely, never sad. Time never dragged. Life was very inspiring and happy for her.

As I walked from her home, I thought of a friend of mine, a pensioned teacher who at the age of "sixty plus" joined a storytelling league, and with younger women learned the art of telling stories in a new way.

Experimenting after sixty gave her a well-rounded happy life.



—RNS

Give a man a hobby he can ride after sixty and you have a man with a new lease on life.

Since then I've been making suggestions to Mrs. Nesbit. I found she had stacks of church school story papers saved through the years. I asked her if she wouldn't like to have them bound and placed in our church school library. Brightly I added, "I know the librarian will not have time to tell the children about them and get them interested in reading them as I'm sure you could do."

But Mrs. Nesbit was not interested in experimenting in helping our church school librarian. Nor did she want the library to have her papers until she had died. Mournfully she added, "They're as old-fashioned as I am and wouldn't fit in with the new books and magazines."

Perhaps in time I can with the aid of two lusty young nephews, now in junior high school, prove boys and girls of today are interested in stories of yesteryear. That is if I can coax her to lend me some so I can look through them with the boys and show them that boys of two or three decades back were quite as adventuresome as those of today.

My friend Martha, whose hobby is inspiring people of all ages to find more pleasure in life, ventured to ask me if I was preparing for the experimental age of life; and if so,

These women find happiness in experimenting with new interests and new friends after sixty.

were flowers to be my experiments? Quickly I shook my head.

"It will be experimenting with the idea that women past sixty can still hold the friendship of little boys, particularly juniors," I told her. "For the two past years I have been sponsor of a baseball team, The Northside Sluggers, players aged ten and eleven years. Until I took on that little chore, I was far from being a baseball fan."

And I shall keep on my toes knowing the interests of boys, the language they speak, and ways to talk things over with them so I can lead them out of paths they should not tread and into those which they should.

With these women who find happiness in experimenting with new interests and new friends after sixty, I want to contrast the woman of sixty-four who told me fretfully in the luxurious home her sons have given her, "Today I shall do just what I did yesterday, and yesterday I did what I did the day before, and the day before that, and I was miserable doing it."

As she talked, I found it difficult to think of her as the happy mother who long ago found happiness in washing, ironing, and caring for her lively little sons.

At that minute I also remembered the call which goes out from the church for "the best menders" when clothes are collected to be sent to Korea, to Belgium, to missions in America. Could she be interested in organizing a club of women to mend on occasions like this? She could be instructor as well as its head.

Surely this would be an experiment to interest her, and bring her that joy which can come in the late years of life only when we are giving as well as receiving service and love.

—A. Devaney, Inc.



"I'm not going to pay full price for you till I have to."



—Carew from Monkmeier

Christianity in the Home

As a Teen-Ager Sees It

By

Luther J. Tigner

*Executive Secretary of the Nebraska
State Temperance Society*

SCOOT DOWN in the car, Milly; I am not going to pay full price for you." The Henderson family was approaching the drive-in-theater ticket office.

"Oh, Mom, it's only twenty cents' difference," replied Mildred. "I am sick of making myself look little and pretending I am only twelve. I was thirteen two months ago."

"Do you want us to turn around and go home? I am not going to pay full price for you till I have to. If you don't want to cooper-

ate, we will just turn around and go home—and you can stay there next time," said Mrs. Henderson sharply. "There, that's better," as the youngster obediently made herself look smaller by sliding forward and down on the car seat. "Now, let's not have any more arguments about this," and Mrs. Henderson began fumbling in her purse for the admission money.

Mr. Henderson drove into the theater with a very thoughtful air. He did not join in the usual exclamations about the size of the crowd or in recognition of people whom they saw there; nor did he ask the usual question, "Will this do?" as he parked beside a sound island. He seemed, in fact, scarcely to know they were in the theater and sat silent and preoccupied. Finally Mrs. Henderson became conscious of his unusual quiet and said,

"Ray, what is the matter with you tonight? You are sitting there just as if you were hypnotized or something. What is on your mind?"

He stirred.

"Oh, I was just thinking, Paula, about a story in last Sunday's paper. Did you read that article about the state prison? A reporter was interviewing some fellows in the penitentiary and one said, 'My parents taught me to lie and steal. I'm here because I never knew anything else.' As we came in, I began to think that maybe we are doing the same thing with our children."

"Are you crazy?" His wife looked at him in amazement. "How could we be teaching our children to lie and steal? Aren't you an elder in the church? Don't we go every Sunday? Haven't we always taught them to live right?"

Have we ever cheated anybody or stolen anything?"

"Yes," was her husband's amazing answer. "Didn't we just cheat this theater out of twenty cents? Haven't we been cheating them for a year on Millie's admission? Haven't we cheated the bus company and the railroad company the same way? And didn't we make Millie lie to do it? I tell you . . ."

"Sh-h-h, the picture's starting," Mrs. Henderson interrupted. "You are just acting silly about nothing. But let's wait till we get home to talk about it." Mr. Henderson opened his mouth to reply, then subsided into his seat with a shrug and the ear grew quiet as the drama of the screen began unfolding before them.

It would be interesting and instructive, perhaps, to pursue further the narrative of the Hendersons to see just what was their final decision on the matter of Mildred's age and their responsibility for revealing it at the price of increased cost to the family budget. Is it "nothing," as Mrs. Henderson said, to get a reduced price under false pretenses—even though no spoken word is uttered to deceive? May parents who do such things as passing an over-age child into the theater at under-age prices; dodging salesmen or bill collectors by playing "not at home"; or casually saying, "If that's Mrs. Jones, tell her I'm not at home"—be really teaching their children to lie and steal and actually introducing them to a life of crime at the worst or of un-Christian living at the very best?

What do the teen-agers in our homes think of the Christianity they find there? Are they so stupid or so blind that they do not mark our deviations from the way of Christ? Do they see the gap that exists between principle and practice? Just how much does what they see there affect their ideas and ideals?

One of the oldest truisms in re-

lation to the teaching of religion is that our children do what their parents do, not what they say. Someone has put it this way, "What you do speaks so loudly that I cannot hear what you say." Yes, we may read our Bibles daily and hold family worship and be devoted attendants at the services of the church, making real sacrifices at times to support its program, yet rearing our children by the pagan ideal of "self first." We talk of winning and holding our youth for Christ but if our actions in the home belie the words we mouth in our professions of faith and obedience, then we have lost them completely. For young people are more keenly alive to hypocrisy and double-dealing than are adults. Over the years of our experience with life we have come to accept certain weaknesses as being "human." We become tolerant of the blind spots we find in others. But teen-agers have not this background experience. They see the world as black or white; there are no halftones in their vision. They are so near their childhood faith that all things seem possible to

them. They are hero worshipers; but woe to the hero who betrays their faith.

Some years ago I read of the family which always had "roast preacher" for their Sunday dinner. The father and mother, active in the church program and considered by everyone as fine examples of the Christian life, sat through the worship to find flaws in the minister's sermon or to discover and call attention to variations between his preaching and his practice in a spirit of hatred rather than of love. It is such views of home life as this which make the teen-ager lose his desire to be of the Christ way. How many times we have seen examples of this in our church experience! Here is an apparently devoted and thoroughly Christian couple whose children, grown to the age of self-guidance, are far from the church and its teachings. "How odd," we say, "that the Smith children who now have homes of their own, never come to church. Why, their parents are pillars in it and have sacrificed all their lives for

(Continued on page 20.)

—H. Armstrong Roberts.



What do the teen-agers in our homes think of the Christianity they find there?



—Ewing Galloway

Christian Family Week begins not at home but at church. In our busy world the church is just about the only place left where the family can be together.

Let's *Really* Celebrate!

By R. Edward Dowdy

*Minister, The First Baptist Church
New Brunswick, New Jersey*

Christian Family Week is a part of National Family Week, both of which are being increasingly observed in our country. While much of the observance takes place in the church there is a large and important part which can be played by the home.

Here are a few suggestions to help you share this occasion.

LET'S really celebrate Family Week this year! For many years various denominations and the National Council of Churches have been sponsoring an annual Family Week culminating on Mother's Day, the second Sunday in May. Each year in our home we have said, "This is a good idea and we really ought to do something about it." Usually we do manage to sit together in church. This year we are determined to make the whole week of May 2-9 meaningful. We hope you will join us.

Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia got the idea for Mother's Day in 1907. By 1914 Congress had set apart the second Sunday in May to be observed nationally as Mother's Day. At my boyhood home in Virginia we had some early-blooming roses that we nurtured all year in order to have red roses to wear to church on that Sunday. I pruned, cultivated, fertilized, and watered those rosebushes all year, remembering the lovely flower I would be wearing on Mother's Day.

More recently we have been giving attention to the whole family and the place of the Christian family in community life. This year, when we celebrate Family Week, we will remember that any adequate celebration will extend throughout the whole year.

Christian Family Week begins not at home but at church. In our busy world the church is just about the only place left where the family can be together. Dad has his Lions Club and mother her garden club. It is Boy Scouts for Johnnie and Girl Scouts for Sis. Each member of the family, from Joyce in kindergarten to grandma and her music club, has individual interests and areas of personal concern.

Dad often makes his own breakfast when he goes to work early. Mother may wait until the children are off to school before she fries her egg and pours her coffee to enjoy breakfast "in peace and quiet" with the radio or TV turned on full blast. The kitchen is deserted at lunch time. Average American families have only one meal a day together. Even the dinner hour may be hurried by evening meetings, sports, or school activities. It would be interesting to know how many modern families have dinner dominated by television. New houses are being built without a dining room on the theory that the family will be watching TV while eating.

Of all the activities in the American community, the church alone preserves the family pew. Consider well, therefore, the beginning of Family Week in your church on Sunday morning, May 2. It will be communion Sunday in most churches. Your little family will sit together in the larger family at the Lord's Table.

In New Brunswick, New Jersey, where we live, there are many Jewish families in our neighborhood. It is a joy to walk along the street on Friday evening and see the lighted candles in the Hebrew homes. They begin the Sabbath at home before going to the synagogue to worship. We Christians can learn a great deal about the family as the basic religious unit from our Jewish neighbors.

I have been the guest in many homes for a Sunday dinner that was so elaborate that my hostess had to miss church in order to prepare for the visiting preacher. I would have enjoyed the food more if the whole family had been together in the worship service.

I would like to see our family spend one evening during Family Week at the church with other families for an evening of fun and fellowship with a Christian flavor. It could start with a pot-luck supper with each family contributing its favorite dish. We could sing songs the whole family would enjoy. There are games, too, that the whole family can play together. Try this one, for example. Standing erect, each member of the family drops clothespins into a milk

bottle. It is equally as difficult for Dad as it is for a five-year-old and just as much fun.

Several years ago an advertising agency coined the phrase "the family that plays together, stays together." It is true. In this highly specialized age there are not enough opportunities for the whole family to participate in the same games. Participation in the spectator sports may become a point of family tension. Dad may prefer to see the TV sports news at exactly the same hour when the younger members of the family had their heart set on seeing "The Lone Ranger."

The evening of family fun that I remember most vividly was spent in the home of Dr. Paul Davis, an outstanding surgeon. Unless there is an emergency at the hospital which the resident doctor cannot handle, Dr. Davis is at home in the evening relaxing with his family. One evening I dropped in and found the whole family clustered around the hall stairway. Anne, the ten-year-old daughter, had just thrown a golf ball up to the landing, midway up the stairs. It rolled slowly off the landing and began bouncing down the stairs. "One, two, three, four," they counted aloud as the ball bounced on each step. When it hesitated, they held their breath in suspense. It rolled off and they resumed the chant, "five, six, seven, eight, nine," and they shouted with glee when the ball touched the bottom step without missing a single tread on the way down.

It looked so easy that I asked for a turn, too. For another hour we played the game. There wasn't a movie in town that could have provided half the laughs or the suspense of that little ball and the stairway. No television program with the possible exception of "I Remember Mama" or "This Is Your Life" could have had the undivided attention of that family of assorted ages. Try it in your home this Family Week. All you need is a stairway and any sort of ball that bounces. (Continued on page 30.)

—H. Armstrong Roberts



There are games to play that the whole family can play together.

Get Grandma Out of the Country!

It isn't because we do not want Grandma in the country. She just doesn't live there any more.

AND SO," I said brightly, "Mother and Daddy tucked Betty and Bobbie into the car and they all spent a lovely, lovely day in the country at Grandma's."

My story told, I sat back with a satisfied air awaiting the usual enthusiastic comments that greet my storytelling. But every little Junior face was complete deadpan. Then Johnny said, "My grandmother lives in the city." "Mine does too," said Nellie.

I looked around the group somewhat dismayed and then I did a little fast remembering. Out of my ten Juniors, two had lost their grandparents, two had grandparents living on near-by farms but the others all had grandparents retired or active in the city.

I walked home from church school in thoughtful frame of mind that day. Were we being blind at the point of a significant change in rural homes and in our blindness repeating wornout assumptions that no longer had meaning in a rural group? About half of my class came from near-by farms

"My grandmother lives in the city," said Johnny.



where their parents either owned the farm or worked for the farmer. Of the rest some were city people who had moved into our community to find housing, lower taxes, and better living conditions than they had experienced in the city. Some were the children of transient workers. There were in the community many migrant children but somehow our church had not reached them.

The children's reaction to my story led me to do some rethinking of our church school materials and to see how parents, teachers, and writers were all frequently failing to hold the interest of our rural children because they were thinking in a pattern that is no longer true.

As I read again the many manuscripts that were piled on my desk for reviewing I began to detect a faintly patronizing spirit discernible when a writer touched on a rural theme. All too frequently the note was sounded that it was very enjoyable to spend a day in the country with Grandma. But the inference was clear that none who was not in their dotage would think of living there.

I recalled a unit for Primary children that I had read where the story centered around a rural church and the writing showed a degree of insight and sympathy. But the story clearly indicated that the church was only visited by those on vacation and the situation was made bearable for the visiting children by the fact that they received the same paper which they received each Sunday in their city church.

I tried to match this kind of writing against the facts as I knew them in the twenty years we had worked in rural churches. Churches doing a magnificent piece of work in spite of limitations of space and equipment and in the face of real transportation problems. I thought of city children brought out to our communities in New York State each summer, in order that they might know a little of the good life that was commonplace to our youngsters. True they were visitors but visitors that dreaded the day of return.

I thought of dozens of rural churches I know where crowds of children fairly push out the walls, where parsonages serve as overflow for the church school, where large enthusiastic youth groups meet week by week. This kind of a situation needs *understanding but never patronage*.

The manuscripts also revealed, at times, a sad ignorance of country living. I shall not soon forget the six-year-old son of an extension agent who came to life long enough to poke me during the reading of a story and say, "How did peas and peaches get ready to be canned at the same time?" or the youngster whose response to a story of a little boy bringing home from Grandma's farm, raspberries, plums, apples, and pumpkins was, "Boy, that's better than the Atlantic and Pacific store, isn't it?"

Besides details like that, that can easily be picked up by a rural reviewer, there were more serious signs of ignorance. A manuscript recently described nursery children reveling in all kinds of fried foods, staying up till all hours of the night and generally living by a standard that every respectable rural family would despise. Perhaps we rural homemakers have been too slow in publicizing the excellent work that Home Bureau, Granges, Future Homemakers of America and Future Farmers of America, 4-H clubs, and other groups have done at the point of good diets, healthy living, good family practices, and wise bringing up of children. Perhaps we need to speak to our city sisters here. Well-trained rural leaders can hardly respect church publications which set a standard of life lower than the ones they normally maintain, in their homes.

Notice that I said a standard of life rather than a standard of living. I did this because I believe that many of our writers project a suburban type of life which is lacking in many rural areas. If a stranger to America should read many church school publications today he would be led to assume that the average Protestant family lives in the suburbs of a large

city, has a sizable lawn, a friendly mail man, and maintains patronizingly friendly relations with the church janitor. In other words, the rural picture is badly out of focus!

A recent manuscript carried the story of a lovely Christian home where the little girl went happily into the bathroom, turned on the faucets, heard the water go gurgling out, and generally had a lovely time in the white shining room. But there are thousands of Christian homes where water is so short in our denuded land that the bathtub cannot be used; where in spite of good living and intellectually high standards, baths are still taken in the tin tub in the kitchen; where hundreds of families live in trailers, in migrant camps or in rural slums. Let the teacher, writer, or even preacher beware of assuming that his or her standard of living represents the norm for all listeners or readers. We all need to test our writing and our thinking to make sure that we are not substituting middle-class respectability for Christianity. Visitors to our country can hardly be blamed for suggesting that we expect to be saved by the standard of our plumbing rather than the state of our souls.

Perhaps our greatest failure in thinking of the rural picture is not in the fallacy of patronizing attitudes, ignorance of rural life, lack of appreciation of standards of rural living, and the projection of suburban sophistication into the rural areas, but rather in the complete lack of emphasis on all positive values of rural living.

We are still talking to rural people about giving to the church and failing completely to preach stewardship of the soil, whereby a man realizes that he holds his land only in trust for God. Therefore, he must pass it on in better condition than when he received it even if that seems going without many of the luxuries that he and his family would enjoy. We fail to preach the gospel of sacrificing many quick cash crops in order that the soil may be built back.

(Continued on page 28.)

By H. C. Fellers

Minister, First Christian Church, Sacramento, California.

A Call to *ADVENTURE*

THE YOUNG HUSBAND and wife appeared deeply hurt. "Do you want to take away the greatest pleasure we have?"

They were just starting upon their career. Their income was very limited. Three beautiful children had come to bless their home, but also to be clothed and fed. Yet the church pledge the parents had signed was much larger than some of those from homes of much higher income. I felt their enthusiasm for the church had led them to overpledge, and I had gone to their home to urge them to reduce the amount. The explanation followed quickly. "We have studied it all through carefully. We have readjusted some of our expenses, and that is what we feel we can give. Please don't take this joy away from us." I didn't! With vision and consecration like that, is it any wonder that two decades later one of those sons is a fine young Christian minister, the other a talented church organist, and the daughter an active and consecrated young churchwoman?

Their procedure differed from the one I had known. I was reared in a home that believed "the tithe is the Lord's." Each evening my father put the money from our

little grocery store into the little old iron safe, and once a week he balanced his books and placed a part of the money in a little drawer marked "The Lord's." I was taught that ten per cent of all income belonged to God, that it was not mine to spend, and that it was my duty to administer that fund for the sharing of the gospel at home and around the world. My first earnings were tithed. My paper route profits, my printing shop wages, the money earned while I was working my way through college, and all moneys

earned through the years have been tithed. We could easily rationalize that we could not afford to tithe, with debts, high expenses, hospital and medical bills, and university expenses for our sons, but how happy we have been in this stewardship. We do not give until it hurts, we give because it feels so good!

And you can, too! Want to try it? Then join me in a great adventure. It may be the start of the happiest experience of your whole life.

We are assuming you *want* to be

—Pence



Call a family conference. (More and more families are working out their problems in this way.) Yes, bring in the children, for they must have a part in this program.

honest in your financial dealings with God. The first, and fundamental, step is the acceptance of the principle, "The tithe is the Lord's." Call a family conference. (More and more families are working out all their problems in this way.) Yes, bring in the children, for they must have a part in this program. Talk over the principle, "God is the creator and giver of all things, and we are his stewards." In the earlier stages of the conference, do not allow the "how can we do it?" question to enter the discussion. Settle, once and for all, the "we should" or "we should not," issue. If your decision is negative, you may save your time by not reading the rest of this article, for you will continue to do as you have done before, giving a little for God's work after your own needs and desires have been satisfied, provided there is anything left! But if your decision is "we should" then the "how can we?" problem arises, and it can be solved. Here is how!

Provide pencil and paper for each member of the family. This is important! The first figures you study will probably be Dad's but the whole family should see them, and know what they mean.

Put down the item, "Income." This means salary, before any deductions for taxes, social security, health insurance, union dues or other such items, plus any other income, such as interest on investments, or profits from business or profession. Take ten per cent from your total income. The remainder is the part that is yours to spend for yourself.

Now start a column headed, "Fixed Charges." In this column you will enter your withholding tax, social security, health insurance, union dues, and other deductions from salary or wages. You will list your monthly rent, or the payments upon your home. (If you are buying, part of the payment will be a savings item.) You cannot get away from utilities, so enter the average cost of your light, fuel, telephone, water, and other such services. Your life insurance premiums are fixed, too, even though they are part of your savings program.

Total these items, and subtract from the amount you had left from income after your tithe had been taken out. This is the part of your income that must be restudied and rebudgeted.

"Wrong!" you say? "We have a lot of other fixed charges. We have the car payments and upkeep, the deep-freeze, and television payments, all of which are fixed charges that must be paid each month." All right, list them, but do not "fix" them just now, for these can be rebudgeted if necessary, and the payments may be reduced by extending them over a little longer period of time. Now mind you, we are still assuming your desire to find a way to be tithers. You will learn through a conference with your physician that he will be willing to allow you to pay his fees over a period of time!

Now comes the time for each member of the family to evaluate his or her own expenditures. Oftentimes the "little leaks" will total almost enough to make the tithe a reality! Dad may be surprised at the amount he spent for tobacco; maybe Mary will decide she does not "just have to play that No. 1 hit tune" on a juke box every time she gets near one; maybe Jim will decide he can be a little more selective on those movies, instead of having to see every change of program; Tommy may even remember that time Mother had to send his pants to the cleaner a lot sooner than necessary, just because he forgot to change before repairing his bicycle. Let each one rethink the amount of money for "personal expenses" to be taken from the family budget. A restudy of these personal needs may result in marked reductions in these items—understand, we are still assuming the desire to find a way to become a family of tithers. Once the goal is set, each member of the family will be willing to make some sacrifices to attain it. If the older children have incomes of their own, they should be encouraged to begin tithing in their own right.

The food and clothing budget? All hail to our wives and mothers! In most cases they are unsung magicians of finance. However, in

a restudy of the family finances, all items should be reviewed. Some savings may be effected, and in some cases a better menu will be the result. And maybe Mary will learn that she can make the skirt she wants so much for much less than she can go to the store and buy one of comparable quality.

Now that all items have been reviewed, add them up—food, clothing, personal allowances, and time payments. If they add up to too much, go over them again. Go back, if necessary, to the time payments. See if these items may be extended over a little longer period at reduced amounts. Maybe car use can be cut down. Before long you will have it all worked out, and the great adventure will be under way.

A final word concerning the administration of your tithe. Several methods are used, but all of them involve some bookkeeping for the Lord. If there is more than one income, decide whether or not the project is to be a "whole family" one or if each income producer is to keep his own tithe account. Let us assume it will be a family affair. Many folk use the "Lord's Box" method. As income is received, ten per cent is placed in the box, and the amount entered on the left-hand page of a little cash book or simple ledger. Then, as church pledges, church school offerings, special missionary or benevolent gifts, CYF or Chi Rho offerings, and other items are taken out, the amounts are set down on the right-hand page of the little book. If a check is written, the amount should be entered and the corresponding amount taken from the box. The difference between the two pages should be the amount that is still in the box. Do not be too surprised if, after tithing a few months, the totals on the right-hand page exceed those on the left, for you will be having so much fun you will be seeing needs and opportunities rather than watching the amounts left in the Lord's box.

The tithe is the way to greater joy! That is why very, very few people who give it a trial ever go back to the old, hit-and-miss way of former years. Just ask any tither!

with Young Children

A WORD TO PARENTS

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Or, if you and your child have quiet moments together, apart from the regular family worship, the poems, songs and other materials given here may help you share an experience of worship.

Some of the poems, songs and prayers suggested here are from the graded church school materials. If your church uses these, your child will have brought home the books or leaflets in which these poems and other materials appear. He will enjoy using these with you at home.

The worship resources given here are divided into three sections: (a) for the 3-year-olds; (b) for the 4- and 5-year-olds; (c) for the 6-, 7-, and 8-year-olds. Should your child want to make his own book of devotions, cut, or let your child cut, along the colored border of each small page. He may paste each of these pages into a loose-leaf or spiral notebook, or on sheets of paper of uniform size to be tied together.

It is hoped that the materials on these pages will help you as you guide your child in worship experiences.

Theme for May: FOLLOW ME

To Use with Children Three Years Old . . .

Be kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, as God in Christ forgave you.—EPHESIANS 4:32.

THIS ADMONITION was written by Paul to the followers of Christ in Ephesus, almost 2,000 years ago. It has as much truth and value for us today as it did for the early Christians. Certainly kindness, tenderness, and forgiveness should be reflected in the actions of all who would be followers of Christ. These traits are not in-born; they must be learned as one grows.

Your three-year-old already is learning many ways of acting. Are kindness, tenderness, and forgiveness included in what he is learning? How can a three-year-old learn and show such traits? He learns much from the adults with whom he lives. He tries to copy what he sees father and mother do and say. When kind tones are used by members of the family in talking to one another, when members of the family show love and affection for one another, when courtesy and graciousness are extended to guests and visitors in the home; the three-year-old will very likely begin to follow the example set by the adults.

On occasion a special opportu-

nity may be given to even a three-year-old for showing kindness, such as giving the postman a cool glass of lemonade or water on a hot July day, helping to set a festive table for a birthday celebration, arranging a bouquet for the guest room, or bringing father's lounging slippers to him when he comes home from work.

Each happy experience a young child has in showing kindness and love to others will make him more eager to repeat the experience. Practicing Christian actions from early childhood helps to build the foundation for the growth of a child into the Christian faith and to his own decision to be a follower of Christ.



To Use with Children Four and Five Years Old . . .

(Cut along the colored lines and paste each small page into your own book about God's love and care.)

LOVING EACH OTHER

Let us love one another.—1 JOHN 4:7.

He Cares for Me

Jesus loves me!

Jesus loves you!

Let's love each other,

As He said to do.*

—MARIAN LYLE PEDEN

Story

"When Norman Was Sick," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 31.

Prayer

Dear God, I am glad there are people who love me. Help me to find ways to show love to others. Amen.

*From *When the Little Child Wants to Sing*. Copyright 1935 by The Westminster Press. Used by permission.

BEING KIND

Be kind to one another.—EPHESIANS 4:32.

Prayer Hymn

Thank Thee, dear Father, for our homes,
For father and for mother.

Help us to be very kind to them,

And kind to one another.*

—MIRIAM DEURY

Story

"Ruth Finds New Friends," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 83.

*From *When the Little Child Wants to Sing*. Copyright 1935 by The Westminster Press. Used by permission.

DOING GOOD THINGS

Even a child is known by what he does.

—PROVERBS 20:11.*

Thanks for a Good Day

All things lovely, all things good,

All my pleasures and my food,

Come from God, and so I pray:

"Thank you, God, for this good day";

And in the morning help me see

How kind and generous I can be.

Then at night I'll gladly say,

"Thank you for a better day!"

—ANONYMOUS

Prayer

Dear God, I want to do good things to make others happy. Help me to know what is good to do. Amen.

*From the *Moffatt Bible—A New Translation*, by James Moffatt. Copyrighted in 1922-1935 and 1950 by Harper & Brothers. Used by permission.

GROWING

Be kind to one another.—EPHESIANS 4:32.

He Understands

I like to think how long ago

Small Jesus loved his work and play.

When he was young and growing up

In Nazareth so far away.

I think that he was fair and kind.

And loved his friends and playmates, too:

And that he helped the little ones

Keep up, and showed them what to do.

I think he helped to do the work

And always did the best he could

To make his home a pleasant place

By being useful, kind, and good.

It makes him seem so close to us

To think about when he was small.

For then we know he understands

The way to love and help us all.*

—FRANCES MCKINNON MORTON

*From *Story World*. Copyright by The American Baptist Publication Society. Used by permission.

To Use with Boys and Girls Six, Seven and Eight Years Old . . .

(Cut along the colored lines and paste each small page into your own book of devotions.)

LOVING EACH OTHER

Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.—1 JOHN 4:11.

Prayer for the Day

Dear God:

Help me to be more loving every day
And let each thought and every word I say
Be kind and acceptable in thy sight.
I thank you for the quiet restful night,
And for the music of each bird that sings
At dawn. Thank you for the joy each day
brings,
For loved ones, our nice home, for church and
school;
And may I always use the Golden Rule
In my daily work, and in games at play.
These are the things I ask of Thee today. Amen.

—ROBBIE JANE FENNER

Story

"Friends Love One Another," Primary
Pupil's Book, Second Year, Spring, page 15.

BEING KIND

Be kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving
one another.—EPHESIANS 4:32.

We Thank Thee

We thank thee for Jesus, who taught us to share,
To trust and believe in thy wonderful care.

He showed us how we can be kind and forgive,
How we may please thee in the ways that we live.

He went about doing good deeds every day,
He taught us to serve thee, to worship and pray.*

—ESTHER F. THOM

*From *Story World*. Copyright by The American Baptist Publication Society. Used by permission.

BEING FRIENDLY

Let us not love in word or speech but in deed and
in truth.—1 JOHN 3:18.

The Friendly Way

Father, help me through each day,
To do my work the friendly way,
Cheerful, smiling, with a song
To greet each task that comes along.

When there is something I must say,
Teach me to speak the friendly way,
And let my thoughts be kind and true,
As shining bright as morning dew.

Guide my actions; keep me good
That I may do things as You would;
Let me be fair in work and play
And always live the friendly way.*

—MARGARET DEUTSCH

*From *Juniors*. Copyright by The American Baptist Publication Society. Used by permission.

FOLLOWING JESUS

"By this all men will know that you are my
disciples, if you have love for one another."

—JOHN 13:35.

I Would Follow Jesus

I would follow Jesus—
Teacher, Friend and Guide;
In my work and in my play,
In my home and school each day,
In God's world so fair and wide,
I would follow Jesus.*

—FRANK VON CHRISTIERSSEN

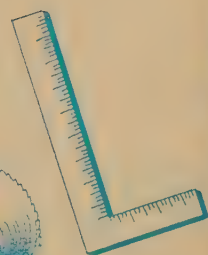
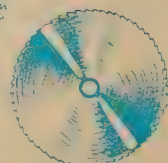
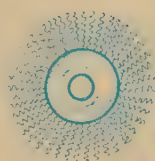
Prayer

Dear God, help me to be kind, friendly and
loving toward others. Amen.

*Words from *Hymns for Primary Worship*. Copyright 1946 by The Westminster Press. Used by permission.



Screen Traveler, from Gendreau



in You

The breadwinner of the family, carpenter or artist, has his tools to help him in his task.

IF YOU ARE a homemaker you have numerous tools to help you in your tasks.

If you are the breadwinner for your family, you have the tools of your trade to help you. You subscribe to trade journals to keep your methods up-to-date. You have factory machinery, business machines, office equipment to make your work efficient. You expect to have these tools; you expect to use them.

You are also the builders of a Christian home. Your church provides materials for your task too—materials to give you guidance week by week as you lead your children in Christian living, materials to catch the interest and enthusiasm of your children, materials to provide inspiration for more consecrated living. Do you recognize these aids when they enter your home? Do you use them?

The tools in your hands are of several different types, each designed to meet a special need in your Christian family life. We shall consider each one, how you can use it and how you can obtain it.

Children's storybooks, leaflets, work books. These are books and leaflets for the child's own enjoy-

ment and study. They are meant to be used at home. The books for the younger children are primarily picture storybooks. As the child grows older, the material for his use includes also prayers, songs, Bible verses and sometimes puzzles, poems, or suggestions of things to do at home. No matter what the form of the child's materials, the child will need your help and encouragement to put it to use.

Arrange with your child for a special place where the books or leaflets can be kept. If there is one definite spot where they belong, the books are less apt to be mislaid or lost. One family reserves a table in the corner of the living room. On the table they have arranged a lovely flowering plant and a Bible opened to a passage from a unit of study in one of the children's books. On a shelf below, the family keeps the storybooks sent home for the child by the church. Several Bibles in different translations are on the shelf also to help in the enjoyment and study of the books.

Other parents with children in different departments help each child to have a place for his own books or leaflets near his bed. Thus the books are always avail-

able for a bedtime story or to help in personal worship.

Just as you guide your child to take care of his church school books and leaflets, even so you will want to help him to use them in varied, interesting ways. The stories can be read at bedtime, or during the child's quiet time with daddy before supper. If you have a family worship time during the week, the stories, poems, prayers, and songs can be used then.

One family with a junior boy sets aside Saturday evenings to study together the church school "lesson" for the next day. They read the story, look up Bible references, and discuss the implications of the lesson in their own lives. During dinner time on Sunday, they review the discussion of that lesson in the church school class. They try to decide on positive action to be taken in their own living as a result of the study.

That same family is using a similar plan with their four-year-old daughter. When Sally takes home her leaflet each Sunday, she is usually bubbling over with interest in what she did in Sunday church school. After dinner, before her nap, she and mother (or daddy or sister) sing the song on

By Idris W. and Elizabeth N. Jones

STUDY ARTICLE AND STUDY GUIDE

You are builders of a Christian home. Your church provides materials (tools) to give you guidance as you lead your children in Christian living. Do you recognize these aids coming to your home? Do you use them?

Hand

week. While the books and leaflets contain the same material or material with the same emphasis as that used in the church school, the story papers are not usually related closely to the week's emphasis. The stories are about typical boys and girls and their adventures in living Christian lives. There are also poems, puzzles, and things to make. One feature which you can encourage your child to use is the guide for a personal devotional time. One is included each week. These devotional passages follow much the same pattern as the daily readings in *The Secret Place*, i.e., a Bible reference, an inspirational

paragraph or two, and a prayer.

One family uses these story papers to make scrapbooks for children in hospitals or to share with friends when they are ill. Stories are clipped and mounted together in one book, poems in another, worship suggestions in another. Sometimes they will add illustrations of their own. That family never lacks for things to do on their weekly "family night."

Another family saves the papers and takes them once a year to a community Christian center where they are used with the children there.

Pictures: Other tools which can

—Clark and Clark



the leaflet, look at the pretty picture together, and tell the story. Sometimes Sally can tell the story herself. She likes to share her leaflets with the little friends next door. Often her mother hears her explaining the pictures to them.

If your child is enrolled in a church school, you should expect to receive these children's storybooks, leaflets, or workbooks early in each quarter. If you do not receive them so that you can use them at the time they are studied in the church school, check with the teacher or with the superintendent of your church school. Occasionally, a church feels that the parents are not interested in helping at home and therefore keep the books at the church. By assuring the teacher of your interest and of your desire to use the material as it was intended to be used, you may help to secure a more effective cooperation between the home and the church.

Story Papers. Another tool to interest your child is the story paper which he takes home each

Stories can be read at bed time, or during the child's quiet time with daddy before supper.

be yours if you seek them are the sets of pictures issued in connection with the teaching materials. Usually used only in the Sunday program at church they nevertheless are equally valuable for your use at home. You will not receive the pictures from your church, but you can order them from your denominational book store. Or perhaps your church school secretary will order them for you when he orders other materials if you request it. These pictures can be used framed as an addition to the beauty of any room. Some parents allow each child to choose a few for his own room. Other families use them one at a time as part of the family worship center. If you have a frame with a hinged back, the children themselves can change the pictures easily.

Message to Parents: Do you wonder often what specific things you can do to continue at home the instruction started at church school sessions? Watch each quarter for a "Message to Parents," or, in some cases, a Parents' Quarterly.

These will probably be brought to your home by your child's teacher. On the other hand, they may be sent through the mail. Occasionally a teacher may give you one when your child leaves the school session Sunday morning. If you do not receive a piece of parents' material regularly, check at the church.

When you talk with your child's teacher either at home or at church ask her to suggest the specific items in the "Message to Parents" which she would like you to emphasize at home. In that way, the "Message for Parents" which is published for all parents in general, will become a personal tool for you to use with your own child.

It will help you to keep these leaflets for ready reference if you will provide a durable cover for them. Choose a definite place where they may be kept. They could be placed with your Bible and devotional booklet or on the shelf with the children's books.

Miscellaneous Materials: In their classes at church your children may carry on many kinds of ac-

tivities related to the units of study. Many of these he will bring home either for completion or to share with you and his friends. You can help him to feel their importance if you are genuinely interested in them. Listen sincerely to his story about the picture he has drawn. Help him to think of a sick friend to whom he can send a "get well" card he has made. Encourage him to make a scrapbook of resource pages. A junior boy took home a cake of wax on which he wrote several Bible verses, just as did boys when Jesus was a child. As he thus used verses he had learned and as he and his family wrote on the "wax tablet," he felt a close companionship with the boy Jesus.

You have, therefore, the tools which your church school provides for your use in helping your family to live vital Christian lives. Use them to interest your children. Use them for information and guidance. Use them to enrich your home. They are a constant stream of inspiration flowing from the church to you!

STUDY GUIDE

Planning for the Meeting

In preparing for a study session based on "Tools in Your Hands" the following suggestions should be of help:

1. Get samples of the materials used in your Sunday church school. If your denomination has materials available but not now used in your school, write for samples of them in order that the group may see the helps published and evaluate their worth for use in homes. Have these materials, including various Bible translations, on display.

2. Invite teachers or department superintendents to interpret the use made in Sunday church school of these materials, and to suggest ways in which they feel church school literature could be used in homes.

3. If any members of the group are not familiar with *Hearthstone* and its use in the home, write for additional copies for distribution at your meeting. Have someone already using it prepared to interpret its varied use within the home as well as in the church.

4. Appoint someone to present a summary of the principal points in "Tools in Your Hands," indicating the various ways in which materials from the church school find their place in a Christian home.

5. A worship service should open this session. The worship leader might well use some of the worship materials suggested in *Hearthstone*. An alternative worship service could be based on the use of other materials usually brought home from the Sunday church school.

6. Make a special effort to invite additional guests to this session who could profit by becoming acquainted with your church school materials and their value for the home.

7. If the size of the group warrants, divide for part of the session into groups based on the ages of the children. If children from the same home are in different departments the father might attend one while the mother goes to the other. Arrange beforehand the places for these sub-groups to meet.

If desired, this session could take the form of a parent-teacher meeting, studying specifically the next unit of study in the church school curriculum and evaluating its resources for use in the home. This would be an example of what could occur every quarter.

8. Those parents invited to attend might be asked to come prepared to

(Continued on page 27.)

WHEN CHILDREN COME WITH YOU

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, and in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

Guide in Making Articles. Suggestions are frequently found in this magazine, the primary and junior story papers, or in books on crafts secured from the library. A gift for mother or a springtime gift for a friend might be made.

Direct Games. Seasonal games are sometimes found in this magazine or the story papers. Books of games, such as *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin, are very helpful in planning for appropriate and enjoyable recreation.

share suggestions as to ways in which they have already found the church school materials of use in their homes.

Conducting the Meeting

The session should open with the worship service as suggested in the planning outline. One of the pictures from the church school departmental picture sets published by your denomination could be used as part of the worship center. It should be from the current quarter.

The theme for this session could then be introduced through the summary of the article, "Tools in Your Hands." The experiences mentioned in the article would lead naturally into a sharing by members from the group at large of ideas based on their own experiences. These might be noted on a blackboard, using key words or phrases for reference to the material and the way in which it was used.

Do not be too quick to limit this discussion, but when it begins to slow up or get repetitious it is time to move on to the next step. This has to do with the presenting of the materials used in your church school, plus any additional helps related to the church school by your denomination. If the group plans to divide into sections based on the age of the children in the homes represented, this phase of the program should be limited to a brief introduction of each piece. It is an enlightening experience for any parent to see the relationships of the materials his (or her) child uses to the total curriculum of the church school. When the group divides a more thorough consideration will be given to the materials of immediate interest to the child and home concerned. Questions on materials can be deferred until these departmental sessions.

If the group does not plan to divide into sections the presentation of materials should allow time for questions from the group. In order to vary the presenta-

tion, each teacher or departmental superintendent could describe those materials with which he (or she) is accustomed to work outlining their nature and the use recommended for them.

At the conclusion of the presentation of the graded materials the values of *Hearthstone* magazine, as a tie between the home and the church, could be introduced and discussed. Mention could be made at this point of the copies (both of *Hearthstone* and other materials) available to the parents attending. The leader could then let the group know how they might acquire other materials such as picture sets or books.

When this session has come to a conclusion two major values should come from it: (1) The parents should have a greater appreciation of the values for Christian training in the home inherent in the Sunday church school materials of their church. (2) The teachers will discover that informed and cooperating parents increase the effectiveness of the teaching in the church school.

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

DIRECTIONS: Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A The winker -----	2 101 134 10 38 63
B A blaze of fire -----	102 34 110 93 127
C A very tiny person -----	39 144 11 117 15 36
D Kangaroo baby carrier -----	130 13 142 133 118
E Drowsy -----	23 120 35 131 43 32
F Color of the polar bear -----	7 37 116 47 106
G A chattering bird -----	125 20 26 138 45 24
H The second Sunday in May is her day -----	56 114 90 44 89 54
I To sparkle, as a star -----	3 99 17 111 40 12 25
J A kind of marble -----	31 50 5 122 87
K Cutting instruments -----	129 21 85 107 77 70
L Football players' formation before start of the game -----	16 124 49 143 51 76
M Dense growth of trees -----	18 27 72 128 33 119
N Eighth month of the year -----	61 9 82 95 66 145
O The sum -----	98 74 28 84 81 6
P To set on fire -----	79 59 97 133 67 57
Q The third Sunday in June is his day -----	71 78 94 4 52 96

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22		23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
32	33		34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41
42	43		44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51
	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62
63		64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
73	74		75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82
84	85	86	87		88	89	90		91	92
94	95	96	97		98	99	100	101	102	103
105		106	107	108	109		110	111	112	113
	115	116	117	118	119		120	121	122	123
125		126	127	128	129		130	131	132	133
135	136	137		138	139	140	141	142	143	144

Solution on page 28

R Football playing areas -----	53 80 19 109 29 141
S Portion of food to which one is helped -----	1 41 60 69 92 62 83
T Instrument played with a bow -----	14 68 8 86 65 136
U The two equal parts of anything -----	64 135 88 58 121 46
V Mood, or state of mind -----	123 139 105 73 103
W Smells, or scents -----	104 22 48 115 126
X Means of broadcasting -----	140 100 137 108 55
Y Protected from the sun, as by trees -----	75 91 132 30 42 112

Get Grandma Out of the Country

(Continued from page 18.)

All too few of our publications preach to adults and children alike the gospel of the Lord's Acre, where land, garden produce, eggs, milk, butter, and fruit are set aside in proportionate giving to the Lord and where even little children learn that the earth is the Lord's. Yet there are great spiritual blessings in the kind of stewardship that leads a rural family into a close fellowship with God the Creator.

We need, too, to emphasize the stand that many rural communities are taking against increasing commercialism of today. There are still communities where Christmas decorations are gathered in the woods and not bought in the dime store, where gifts are the products of farm, forest, or kitchen rather than the product of a factory. These are all phases of rural living that need to sink deep into our consciousness and into our writing. As Christian leaders and parents we need to strengthen what is best instead of tearing it down by our thoughtlessness.

Then, too, the drama and the pageantry of rural living does not always find its way into our thinking and our writing, the revolving seasons, the beauty of the heavens, and the never-failing harvest.

In three years of reviewing children's church school publications, I found one lovely story centered around an apple tree in autumn. My neighbor on the next fruit farm who was teaching the lessons in manuscript said, "How refreshing to find someone who has really looked at an apple tree and seen it." The riches of forest and field for the most part are unexplored while we revel in the suburban flower bed.

There are rural institutions too that are naturals for curriculum writers or teachers who look for a way to lead a child into ways of more Christian living. The school bus on which such a large percentage of young America travels to school is full of drama and pathos too. Think of the rejection of the undesirable child who never achieves the distinction of having one-third of a seat saved for him by the cliquish early arrivals. The teasing of the more favored children brings torment to many shy souls. There is a way of evading tormentors in classroom and playground but for two hours the sensitive child is a victim with no way of escape.

"Over the river and thro' the woods
To Grandmother's house we go"

may be a song we have all learned and enjoyed. But we must remember that the world has moved on since then and Grandma is probably the proud possessor of a comfortable city apartment while her grandchildren live on a farm where thousands of dollars are tied up in equipment. Such farming is big business today and Grandma and Grandpa are glad to let slip the reins of con-

trol. These children in our town and country churches reject the scraps that we throw to them occasionally. They demand the strong nourishing bread of reality.

Many are aware of this situation and efforts are being made on all sides to see the picture of rural living. But the reform we so badly need can only become truly effective when people, particularly those in our cities and suburban areas, bring the picture of rural living into sharper and more accurate focus.

A Bowl of Pansies

(Continued from page 7.)

He tried to brush her off convincingly but it didn't take much coaxing and before long they were sharing a hearty meal of bacon and eggs, the first food she had enjoyed in weeks. Jim was finishing a cookie as he stared into the yard. "That corner there, nothing seems to be coming up. Didn't you have no flowers there?"

It was a barren spot, the pansy bed, not only in the garden but in her heart, and before she realized what was going on, she heard herself telling her guest all about Timmie, about Korea, and especially about the pansies, thoughts she considered locked safely in her heart, telling him as simply as he had shared his trouble with her.

"Pansies are awful pretty, I think," he said simply as she finished. "They look like little people, don't they? Smiley people. . ."

"I'll be back tomorrow . . . er . . . Monday night after school, I mean, that's if you'll let me. I ain't nowhere near earned all that money you gave 'em for Mom's flowers and anyway the rest of them leaves have got to come off." With the assurance that the further work would be appreciated, he left; and as she watched him go down the street, she felt her heart warmed to hear a jaunty whistle.

The air and exercise proved a better sedative than the pills she had been forced to take, and before she could believe it, it was Sunday morning, the day she thought she could not face. Somehow today everything seemed different. Today she was thinking, not of what she had lost, not of last year's garden, but of what she could do for her new friend. And what, with his help, she could do for her garden. There'd be plenty of room out by the garage for vegetables for Jim and his mom, too.

Eagerly she slipped into her clothes and without waiting for her customary coffee she hurried out into the yard to peek at the visible changes those few hours yesterday had wrought . . . and to dream about what she would do on the morrow.

She pulled open the back door. Stopped and stared. A package had been carefully set between the door and the screen, a package with the wrappings of a florist. The price tag, "75¢" . . . now 49¢" was scribbled over and on the back was written in almost undecipherable boyish scrawl, "That corner sure looks bare. Jim."

As a Teen-Ager Sees It

(Continued from page 14.)

it." True, perhaps, but what did their religion look like through the eyes of teen-agers?

Those are keen and searching eyes which our children turn upon us. They find it hard to analyze us and they seldom say just what they are thinking, but in the end they pass an infallible judgment upon us. If we preach love in the church and practice a kind of restrained antagonism toward each other in the home how are we teaching our teen-age children? If we talk loudly about temperance and clean living in public but keep a bottle in the refrigerator so that we may occasionally offer drinks to visiting friends, what are they to believe?

The teen-ager inevitably comes to see that religion is not something that we talk about but something that we do. His relationship to Christ and the church will be largely influenced by what he sees his parents do at home. Dare we risk giving him a wrong impression?

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

"He that would love life and see good days, let him keep his tongue from evil and his lips from speaking guile; let him turn away from evil and do right; let him seek peace and pursue it."

—1 PETER 3:10-11

The Words

A Eyelid	M Forest
B Flame	N August
C Midget	O Amount
D Pouch	P Kindle
E Sleepy	Q Father
F White	R Fields
G Magpie	S Helping
H Mother	T Violin
I Twinkle	U Halves
J Agate	V Humor
K Knives	W Odors
L Lineup	X Radio

Y Shaded



Family Counselor

If you are puzzled about the choice of a gift for a friend or relative, be sure to read this Case Record and see if it can answer your problem. The gifts which I have mentioned today bear psychological dividends throughout the entire lifetime of the recipient.

Flora S., aged 17, is due to graduate next term from high school.

"Dr. Crane, I wish I knew what to buy for her graduating present," a mutual friend despairingly commented.

"Isn't there something out of the ordinary which I could give her, which would not be classed as just another useless gift? She plans to go to college.

"Do you suppose there is anything within a reasonable cost which might be of value or assistance to her when she leaves for the university?"

USEFUL GIFTS

I suggested two fundamental gifts which are of considerable use to students, whether in high school or college.

The first is a typewriter. Re-built machines can be purchased at slightly over half the original price, and secondhand typewriters can be had from \$50 upward, depending upon their condition.

And a typewriter may add five points to a student's scholastic average, for typewritten homework

assignments are much easier to read and usually appear much neater than those scribbled in longhand.

The professor may not realize that he is subconsciously prejudiced in favor of the typed themes, but he falls under the spell of typewriting, just the same.

Besides, it is faster to type a letter to the home folks, so the parents and friends will probably receive more frequent news if the college student possesses a typewriter.

VIRTUES OF A TYPEWRITER

People who are poor spellers and poor readers are also encouraged to improve, if they work at a typewriter. Many a child in grammar school will thus show a significant rise in his grades after he has received such a gift.

I have offered my five children \$25 apiece when they learn the touch system and can average ten words per minute. For each additional ten words per minute I add \$25 until they reach the maximum of \$100 at forty words per minute.

If you wish to stimulate a literary and scholastic hunger in a child, buy him a typewriter. Furthermore, typing skill is valuable in business.

All persons with the contesting hobby or a desire to write short stories, should be equipped with a typewriter. For the printed word looks much more professional and authoritative.

Incidentally, Mrs. Crane placed a wall chart before our children

and 11-year-old David taught himself the touch system and reached ten words per minute in four weeks' time.

As an investment in better school grades, more frequent letters for the homefolks, and a merchandisable asset in your child when he applies for a job in the business world, present him a typewriter as a gift and encourage him to learn how to use it.

CORRECT ENGLISH WINS JOBS

Another and less expensive gift is a collegiate dictionary. The foundation of social and business success is predicated on skillful use of words.

"Give me the right word and the right accent," stated Joseph Conrad, "and I will move the world."

Indeed, I would be lost without a dictionary. It is a most useful tool of the brain. It serves as an amplifier of thoughts and a key to correct spelling. It is also the Supreme Court of diction and good usage.

A man with a limited vocabulary is limited in his thinking, so do not stifle your mind by a stunted vocabulary. Men with small vocabularies seldom get far in business or the professions.

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine, enclosing a long three-cent-stamped, addressed envelope and a dime to cover typing and printing costs when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

Let's Really Celebrate

(Continued from page 16.)

"The family that plays together, stays together." The family that PRAYS together, stays together longer. As important as recreation is, prayer and family worship are more important. Many people are frightened at the mention of the family altar. It may be a mistake to try to re-create what our grandparents called the family altar when the servants were summoned to stand along the dining-room wall for a long Bible reading and a stereotyped prayer. We do need, desperately, to create a new family worship experience that will be genuine and perfectly natural in 1954.

I was a guest in the home of Professor G. A. Lehman while a student at Colgate Rochester Divinity School. As we sat down to dinner, just as naturally as he had said a few minutes earlier, "This is my son Fritz," Professor Lehman said, "In our home we have always joined hands around the table for our prayers." He read a poem he had clipped, "As the marsh hen builds her nest on the watery sod, so I build me a home on the goodness of God." In his prayer, he thanked God for the food, for the hands of his lovely wife who had prepared it, and for this young student who had come to be a part of the family that day.

That meal, on Thanksgiving Day in 1937, is as vivid in my memory as if I had just walked away from their home. Mrs. Lehman's pecan rolls with brown sugar and butter oozing from the folds would be hard to forget. The memory of that meal lingers as a spiritual feast long after I have tried to forget the astronomical number of rolls that I ate with the turkey and all the trimmings.

Every family can have that kind of experience whenever they eat together. If you haven't begun in your home, do it this Family Week! You will find an appropriate page for each day in *Secret Place or Pages of Power*. Thank God in your own words for your family and all his blessings. It will help your digestion and it is about the best remedy for ulcers that any doctor can prescribe.

During Family Week we are going to spend at least one evening at home. That night will have first place on my busy calendar. If some of the neighbors come in, we can invite them to come back another time. This will be our night together. After dinner is over and we have finished washing the dishes together, we will sit in front of the fireplace. If you haven't a fireplace, use a candle on a table. It is as much fun to watch the flame of a candle as it is to watch a roaring fire.

We are going to do something for each other that I discovered at a high school campfire. Each one in turn stood facing the fire with his back to the group. Around the group we told each other what we appreciated most in the fellowship that we shared in Hi-Y. Some of my most cherished friendships were

forged in front of that fire. Fellows in the same classroom every day, teammates on the athletic field, had never before shared their appreciation for each other.

Most of us who live in the same household are guilty of the same failure. We correct our children when they make mistakes; we seldom commend them for accomplishments. Children complain at Father's discipline; almost never is there

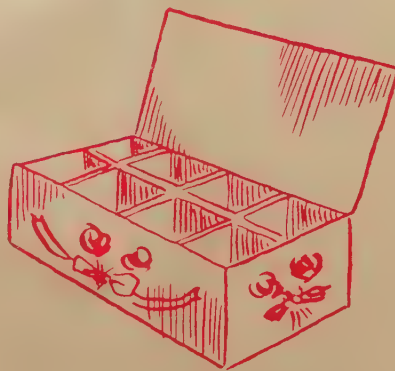
an occasion to thank him for his constant care. Mother is taken for granted as cook, dishwasher, and mender of torn jeans; seldom do we say a simple, "Thank you."

Unless I miss my guess, we are going to be a more closely knit family after we sit together in church and around the fireplace this Family Week. Will you join us?

Make It for Mom!

Nena Palmer

By Nena Palmer



of the *inside* of the box, and the exact length of the *inside* of the box, as in fig. B and notch them in the middle exactly as you did fig. A.

Sand all these pieces.

Now fit them together as in fig. C, and sand the edges as necessary to fit firmly in the box, as in the finished sketch.

For a pretty box, enamel the entire outside a color that will please your mother. Then with oil paints or enamel, write "Mom" on the top, as in fig. E. Then enlarge fig. D to a rectangle three by four inches, trace it on the box, and color the flowers and ribbons with oils or enamels. Or buy decals of flowers or birds for the box.

You can be sure your mother will be especially pleased with her gift, because it is as pretty as it is practical!

You are wondering what to make for your Mom this year, something that will be pretty, yet practical—something she can really use for a long, long time.

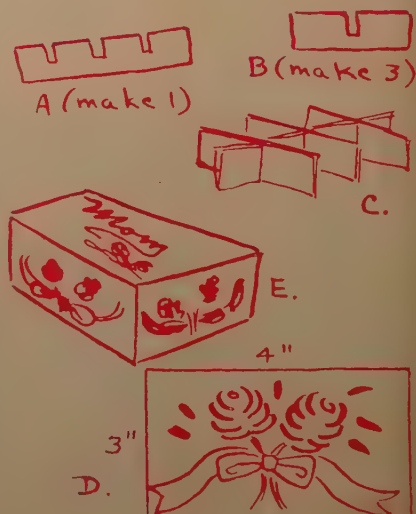
How about the handy, partitioned box in the sketch?

It is ideal for sorting out buttons, embroidery floss, ribbons, or any of the other stuff that your Mom seems to want to keep, even if it is out of your line! You are making it for *her*, not yourself, remember! And she will be doubly pleased because you make her something that is especially her own.

The box is an ordinary wooden cigar box, or other wooden box of about the same size. Before you start to work, soak and scrape off all of the paper that is glued to it! Then sand the outside smooth.

The partitions are easy. Cut one strip of thin plywood exactly the height of the box *inside*, and exactly the length of the box *inside*. Measure and cut the piece just a trifle longer, then sand the edges so that when it is put into the box it is really a tight, tight squeeze! Fig. A shows this piece. Mark off the piece into four parts, and cut three slots, as in fig. A, exactly halfway down, just the width of the plywood.

Now cut three strips the exact height



New Friends



NINA WAS LONELY. She blinked her brown eyes hard.

Until the day before, Nina and her father and mother and her little baby brother and puppy, Rags, had lived in a pretty little town. But the day before, the whole family had moved to the country.

Nina liked the little white house in the town and she liked the green shutters at the windows.

The new house was big and gray and had no shutters. It had big green trees all around it, though, and Nina had heard many birds singing before she got up that morning.

"But I can *never* like this house!" the little girl thought, sadly. "It's too far from Daddy's office and too far from Betty's house. I won't have anyone to play with except Rags. Oh dear, I wish we hadn't had to move to the country."

And this time, no matter how much Nina blinked, two big shiny tears rolled down her cheeks.

Just then she heard a rustle in the bushes near her.

At first she thought it was Rags, hunting a woodchuck. Then she heard a soft little giggle.

She kept looking at the bushes and finally she saw two big blue eyes. She walked

around the bush, and found a little girl just about her size.

"Oh," said Nina, "excuse me."

The little girl stepped out from the bushes and smiled in a friendly way.

"I am the one who should say 'excuse me,'" she said. "I'm your neighbor. I live in the next house down the road. I saw your moving van yesterday and I saw a doll house and a doll carriage so I knew some little girl was moving in this house. I came over to play with you."

"How nice," said Nina. "I didn't know any other

little girls lived near here. I thought it was just country."

"It is just country," she said. "But there are little girls here, just the same as there are little girls in town. I know another little girl farther down the road. Her daddy has a threshing machine and he lets us watch it. He lets us ride on his cultivator, too, sometimes."

Nina looked very puzzled.

"What is a threshing machine?" she asked. "And what is a cultivator?"

"Why, don't you know?" asked the little visitor. "A threshing machine threshes the wheat from the wheat stalks. A cultivator goes along between rows of corn and things and kills the weeds. It's fun to sit on the seat beside Peggy's daddy and ride down between the tall corn-rows."

"It must be fun," said Nina. Then she asked, "What would you like to play?"

"Let's play house," said Nina's new friend. "I like to play house."

For a long time the two little girls played house and talked about their doll families.

Suddenly Nina started to laugh. She laughed so hard that she couldn't stop and her little friend said, "What is funny? What are you laughing at? Why are you laughing so hard?"

After a while Nina stopped laughing.

"I didn't mean to be impolite," she said. "But we have been playing together all morning and I don't know your name and you don't know my name. Don't you think that is funny?"

Her little friend started to laugh now, too. She laughed for quite a time, then she said: "Yes, that is very funny. My name is Nina. What is your name?"

"Why, mine is Nina, too!" she said in surprise.

And both little girls had another long laughing spell, which isn't any wonder. From then on, the two Ninas were great friends.





Over the Back Fence

National Family Week

The first full week of May is annually observed as National Family Week, known among most of us as Christian Family Week. Since, however, the week is sponsored by national Jewish agencies as well as Catholic and Protestant groups, you will see the title on this editorial appearing on many posters promoting the observance. *Hearthstone* is happy to recognize the important part the homes of our Jewish friends play in ministering to the needs of a troubled world.

The theme for the observance in Christian circles in 1954 is "A Troubled World Needs Christian Families." It is no top-drawer secret that we are indeed living in a very troubled world. It has not yet been revealed, however, whether we are raising up the kind of Christian homes and families that match the demands of the hour.

Hearthstone, of course, has as its sole purpose the goal of helping develop the kind of homes which will provide the sense of faith and security which people must have to live in a troubled world. Not only this issue gives some attention directly to Christian Family Week,¹ but every issue exalts the ideals which the annual celebration stands for.

There are some special helps for observing the week which are available to churches and individuals. If you would like to secure these materials write to your national director of family life (listed on the inside front cover of this magazine) and he will be happy to see that you receive them. They include a poster in two colors, 11 x 15 inches, illustrating the theme; an eight-page booklet, *Tested Plans for Family Week*, for local church planning; a six-page leaflet, *Family Week in Your Home*, for family use; and a sixteen-page devotional booklet, *Pages of Power*, entitled *The Family Bible Lives Anew*. Twenty-five cents is the total cost of the four pieces of material.

Ask your minister if he has already secured these items in quantities for use in the church.

¹See page 15.

Paging William Pitt!

William Pitt, English statesman who lived from 1708 to 1778, uttered these sentiments which have meant much to Americans:

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail, its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter—the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter; all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!

This all may be changed by the present Congress even before you read this. It is being asked to make wire-tapping a legal practice. If such a law is passed it will mean that even though the Queen may not enter, or even the President may not enter, or the corner policeman may not enter without a warrant, yet any U. S. attorney general can send in a wire-tapping snooper to hook on your telephone line without your knowledge or permission, and become the "unseen listener to every [telephone] conversation."

It is not likely that many of us would, under ordinary circumstances, be subjected to any such indignity. Nevertheless the threat would always be there and our cherished ideal of "freedom of speech" or "freedom from forcible entry" would be by that much lost. At least that is the way it looks from here, and no arguments so far presented favoring such a law have any convincing power.

What would William Pitt say?

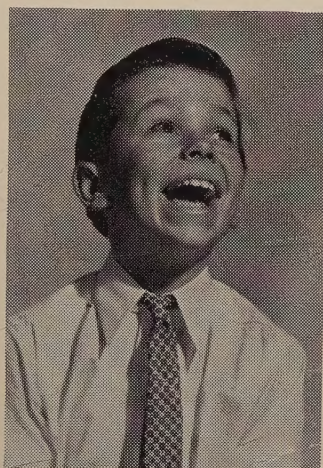
A Word of Welcome

By the time you read this a new assistant to the editor will have been working on *Hearthstone* and other adult publications for some time. We are happy to welcome Mrs. Meredith McKittrick to our staff and to let her share in the privileges and joys as well as the troubles and headaches of getting those magazines ready for the printer.

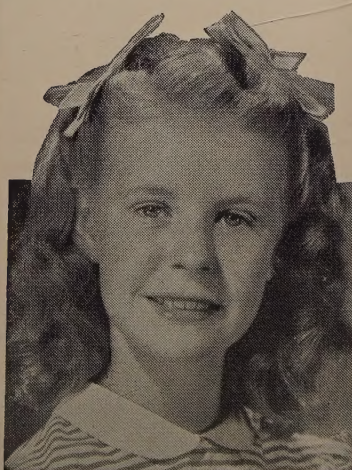


Everyone— But Everyone

**Finds Something in
Hearthstone
for Them!**



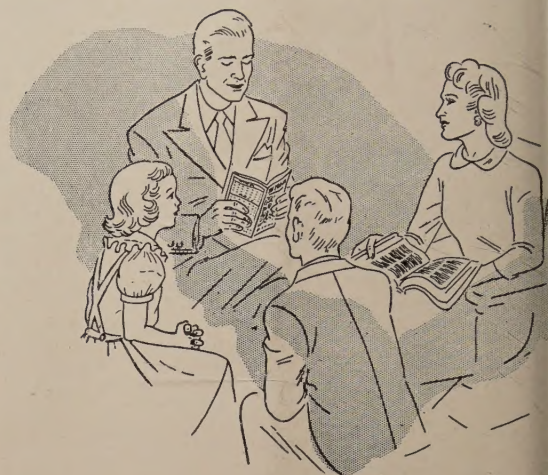
*Tell Your Friends
to Get
Their Copy
at Church*



MORE *than a million persons*

will read this issue

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